

SPORTS REVIEW

July 1983

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Wrestling



THE APARTMENT WRESTLING
DRGY OF VIOLENCE

Jimmy Valiant's
Strange Odyssey:
**HOW HE
BECAME
THE SPORT'S
MOST
POPULAR
WRESTLER**

Sports Review
Interview:
**A NO-HOLDS-BARRED
DISCUSSION WITH
RICK MARTEL**

EXCLUSIVE:
**WHY BLACKJACK
MULLIGAN AND
BARRY WINDHAM
REUNITED**

Wrestler Of
The Month:
CINO HERNANDEZ

Valiant Carves Up
The Rooster In Roanoke



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: RIC FLAIR

- 1—KERRY VON ERICH
- 2—GREG VALENTINE
- 3—LARRY ZBYSZKO
- 4—DORY FUNK JR
- 5—SCOTT McGHEE
- 6—BOB ARMSTRONG
- 7—FRANK DUSEK
- 8—DEWEY ROBERTSON
- 9—TOMMY RICH
- 10—DAVID VON ERICH

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: NICK BOCKWINKEL

- 1—HULK HOGAN
- 2—RICK MARTEL
- 3—JERRY LAWLER
- 4—WAHOO McDANIEL
- 5—KEN PATERA
- 6—JESSE VENTURA
- 7—MAD DOG VACHON
- 8—JIM BRUNZELL
- 9—CRUSHER BLACKWELL
- 10—GREG GAGNE

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND

- 1—IVAN KOLOFF
- 2—MAGNIFICENT MURACO
- 3—JIMMY SNUKA
- 4—MIKE SHARPE
- 5—JOHN STUDD
- 6—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
- 7—ROCKY JOHNSON
- 8—PEDRO MORALES
- 9—RAY STEVENS
- 10—EDDIE GILBERT



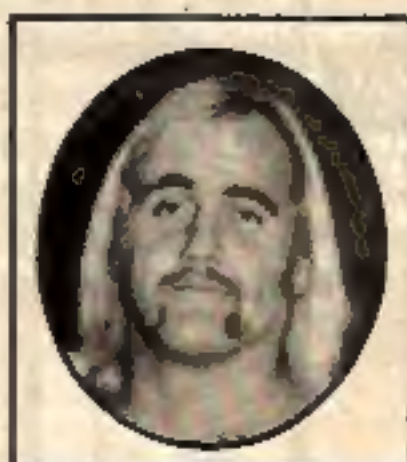
SCOTT McGHEE



MAGNIFICENT MURACO



RICK MARTEL



HULK HOGAN

MOST POPULAR

- 1—JIMMY VALIANT
- 2—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 3—DUSTY RHODES
- 4—RODDY PIPER
- 5—RICK MARTEL
- 6—JIMMY SNUKA
- 7—HULK HOGAN
- 8—TOMMY RICH
- 9—RICK STEAMBOAT
- 10—JUNKYARD DOG

TAG TEAMS

- 1—RICK STEAMBOAT & JAY YOUNGBLOOD
- 2—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 3—THE FABULOUS KANGAROOS
- 4—THE FREEBIRDS
- 5—MR. WRESTLING II & TIGER CONWAY JR.
- 6—THE MASKED GRAPPLERS
- 7—THE SAMOANS
- 8—CRUSHER BLACKWELL & SHEIK ADNAN AL-KAISSIE
- 9—KIM DUK & MASSA FUCHI
- 10—THE MOONDOGS

MOST HATED

- 1—KEVIN SULLIVAN
- 2—GREG VALENTINE
- 3—RIC FLAIR
- 4—TED DIBIASE
- 5—KAMALA
- 6—DICK SLATER
- 7—BUZZ SAWYER
- 8—THE GREAT KABUKI
- 9—BOB ARMSTRONG
- 10—TULLY BLANCHARD

TATTLER

TAMPA, FL — The war between the "Dream" and "The Prince of Darkness" continues. Kevin Sullivan's latest weapon against Dusty Rhodes is a hot one. Rhodes, a recent returnee from exile, was speaking to commentator Gordon Solie on the *Championship Wrestling From Florida* telecast when Sullivan charged into camera range and tossed a ball of fire into his face.

Rhodes escaped from the incident with a charred eyebrow and burns to the tissue surrounding the eye. Fortunately for Dusty, there was no retinal damage. He



KEVIN SULLIVAN

will, however, be wearing protective goggles into the ring until the injury heals.

"It had to be one of the scariest moments of my broadcasting career," Solie said, "to watch as a man rolled on the floor in sheer agony. This Satanism thing has got to stop. Something has got to be done about Kevin Sullivan, and I think Dusty Rhodes is the man for the job."

—Barry Simon

MINNEAPOLIS — Bobby "The Brain" Heenan has once again managed to manipulate the American Wrestling Association to his own advantage.

Heenan, who manages AWA World titleholder Nick Bock-
(Continued on page 50)

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BOBBY HEENAN

Never before have so many respected wrestling journalists been involved in so important a venture. The best correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Each month, our team of reporters will bring you the most up-to-date news available from all corners of the globe

The Inquiring Reporter

No one knows wrestling better than the fans.

Because of this, we're now

giving these experts a forum for their views month, we'll ask a controversial question

answer—no matter what those answers might be!

and opinions. Each and have the fans

THE QUESTION:

"Which rulebreaker would you like to see become a fan favorite?"

THE ANSWERS:

Mandy Sciapiano, Galena Park, TX: "I'd like to see Hacksaw Duggan change his ways, if only

for two reasons. First, so I could watch him wrestle Bruiser Brody. Duggan and Brody are so similar in style, body type, and strength. It would be a very even matchup. I also would love to see Duggan turn good guy and join forces with my favorite wrestler, Junkyard Dog. They would be a very exciting team."

Camille Delia, Portage, MI: "Definitely Precious Paul Ellering. Besides the fact that he has a magnificent body that I could look at

If Crazy Duggan (battling Tiger Conway Jr.) were a fan favorite, we would be able to see him wrestle Bruiser Brody.



Paul Ellering (overwhelming Tom Pritchard in a test of strength) would be a welcome addition to the ranks of scientific wrestling, says Camille Delia.

forever, he has proven to be a brilliant man who has a vast knowledge of wrestling. And he is unparalleled in the ring. He manages wrestlers, he knows the sport, he's intelligent, and great looking. He should be a fan favorite."

Harley Brooke, Paterson, NJ: "The Magnificent Muraco. He's always been my favorite. I feel a bit out of place rooting for him, especially when I'm in Madison Square Garden and the other 21,000 people are booing him. Don is such a good wrestler. If he would change his ways, a lot more of the fans

would appreciate his skills. Until they do, I guess I'll be one of his only fans."

Lorraine Bradley, High Point, NC: "I don't even have to think about it. I'd like to see One Man Gang abandon his rulebreaking tactics. Without his dirty maneuvers to use,

everyone would realize that he has absolutely no skill as a professional wrestler. All he can do is beat up the other wrestlers. He has no talent. Leave it to that slimeball Humperdink to bring this man into the ring. Every time One Man Gang steps through the ropes, it's a disgrace to the "King of Sports."

Tiffany O'Hara, Churchill Downs, KY: "Austin Idol should clean up his act. There is no reason he should use the tactics he does in the ring. He obviously has the physical attributes needed to be a winner, without resorting to ring illegalities. Also, if he became a fan favorite, I wouldn't have to feel guilty about liking him so much."

Bob Cholo, Landover, MD: "I know that it isn't popular to be a Larry Zbyszko fan these days, but I always liked him when he was an up-and-coming wrestler in the WWF. I watch him now on cable-TV from Georgia. He's just as obnoxious as he was when he was feuding with Bruno. I'd like to see him change back. Maybe Bruno should knock some sense into the kid again." □



If One Man Gang (standing in the ring with manager Sir Oliver Humperdink) turned to scientific wrestling, it would quickly become obvious that he has no wrestling talent, according to Lorraine Bradley.



Larry Zbyszko (wrestling Tommy Rich) has always been a favorite of Bob Cholo's.

TOP WRESTLE

YOUR QUESTION

Do you have a question you want answered by 10 of wrestling's top stars? Each month, *Sports Review Wrestling* will publish a fan's "Question of the Month," which will be answered by the sport's top superstars. If you have a question that concerns all wrestling, send it to:

ASK THE STARS
Sports Review Wrestling
Box 48
Rockville Centre, NY 11571

The "Question of the Month" is:
"How do you celebrate a major victory?"

Submitted by:
Allison Ford,
Babylon,
New York



KERRY VON ERICH

"I'm so busy, I don't usually have time for parties and stuff. Most of the time I just shower, change, and get to the airport and onto a plane. I have to defend the Missouri State title, but I also have an obligation to my brothers in Texas. We have this feud going with The Freebirds, and the Von Erichs don't take kindly to losing."



JOHN STUDD

"The best deserves the best, and I'm the best. After a really big win, sometimes I take a little time off and go on a vacation. To the Alps, to the Riviera, to Hawaii—I have the money, might as well spend it on my favorite person—me."



CRAZY DUGGAN

"When you're standing over a man who's laying out on the canvas, his eyes half opened, drool streaming down the side of his face . . . hell, that's a celebration in itself. What a feeling! There's nothing like it. It's better than the finest champagne, the best food, and the best women in the world. Who needs anything else?"



BUTCH REED

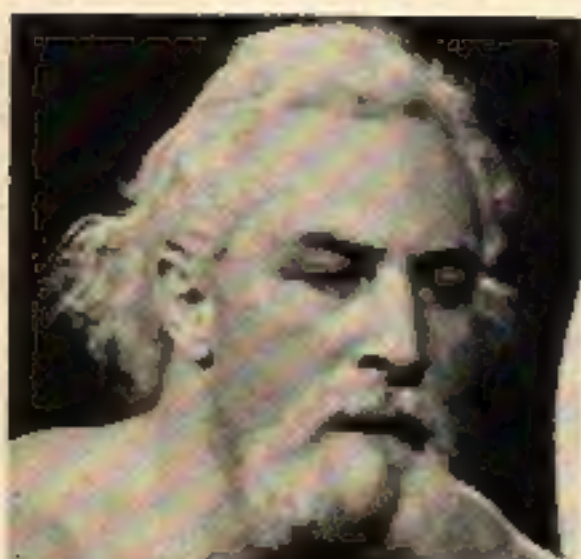
"You know, sometimes it's better to go out after you lose an exceptional tough match. The one thing you have to remember in this sport is you can't get down after one loss. You have to get right back into it. If a night on the town can boost your morale a little bit, then great, do it."

RS ANSWER OF THE MONTH



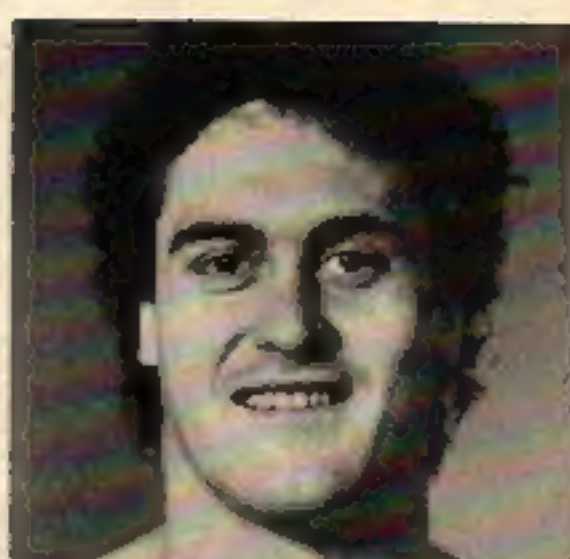
EDDIE GILBERT

"Every victory is a major one, especially when you're working toward a shot at a major championship. But on those nights when everything clicks, when everything goes just right, it's great to just go out with some friends and have some fun. New York has to be the greatest city in the world for that. There's always somewhere new to go."



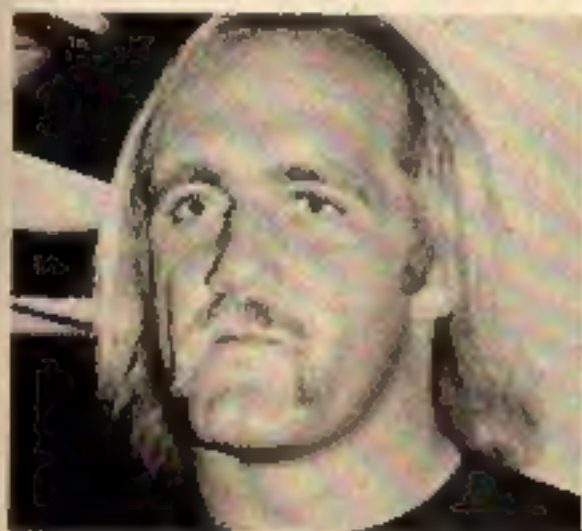
PAUL ELLERING

"One must be careful of what one does after a match. A drastic change in environment or activity could prove to be a serious shock to the body. There must be a cooling off period afterward, followed by a period of rest, or even meditation. One must not abuse one's body. Celebrating? I have no time for that."



MIKE ROTONDO

"I used to just go home after a match, so I could get up and go to the gym the next day. But you can't just work and work and work all the time. I realized that I have a right to have some fun, too. So, I kind of reward myself after what I think was a tough or an important win. I go out and find the best steak in town."



HULK HOGAN

"I couldn't celebrate every major victory. I'd be celebrating every night. But when I do go out and celebrate, I invite a young lady out for a fine meal, and then back to my place. We sit back in my luxurious living room and a put on a videotape of *Rocky III*. It's a treat for her, and I could watch myself on the screen until the sun comes up."



TULLY BLANCHARD

"Whaddya mean? Do I get together with all my fans and friends and toast my success or some garbage like that? Well, let me tell you this. I don't see anyone walking around claiming to be a Tully Blanchard fan, and as far as friends, I don't have any of them, either. You can't trust anyone. Gino Hernandez taught me that lesson."



BOBBY JAGGERS

"I just go crazy. I love beating one of the wimps that gets in the ring with me in front of all of his fans. I can't settle down after that. I go out and enjoy the nightlife. I wake my friends up at all hours of the night. I drag them out of bed and out to the bars."



From time to time, the editors of this magazine find it necessary to condemn those in wrestling who would subvert the basic principles of decency, integrity, and honesty. Without such truths, our sport will die

CHAMPIONS ARE MADE through skill and expertise, through hard work and determination, through persistence and tenacity.

We have long believed that in order for a man to claim a cham-



pionship, he should better his opponent in a fair match of skills within the squared circle.

This is the primary reason the wrestling community has become so disgusted at the actions of Larry Zbyszko, who purchased the Georgia National championship belt from Killer Tim Brooks for \$25,000 in cash.

Much has been written of the Zbyszko situation already, and it is not our intention to rehash it



Sgt. Slaughter examines the wounds of his tag team partner, Don Kernodle, after the two dropped the NWA World tag team titles in the Cage Match in Greensboro, North Carolina (left). The new champions, Rick Steamboat and Jay Youngblood, congratulate each other on their victory (above).

here.

What we would like to examine is the recent NWA World tag team title match in which Rick Steamboat and Jay Youngblood took the championship from Sgt. Slaughter and Don Kernodle.

Steamboat and Youngblood, the former champions, had come close to defeating Slaughter and Kernodle several times, but disqualifications and other technicalities kept the title out of their

grasp.

Then a request was made to the NWA for a Steel Cage Match. The four men would be locked within four walls of steel mesh, and a battle to the finish would decide which team was qualified to wear the championship belts.

Unlike past matches, there would be no disqualifications or countouts. Unlike past matches, there would be a clear winner.

(Continued on page 52)



Gino Hernandez (above) was selected as "Wrestler of the Month" for his part in winning the Southwest tag team titles from The Masked Grapplers and for courageously fighting off the attack of his partner, Tully Blanchard. During a happier title reign in January, Hernandez and Blanchard pose with the belts (below).

AS ALWAYS, the staff of *Sports Review Wrestling* is standing in the eye of a hurricane of wrestling controversy. A number of title belts have changed hands, including the NWA World tag team belts, the Southern title belt, the Georgia National belt. On top of all of this, many of the sports' stars are celebrating the achievement of goals that have taken them a lifetime to reach.

The task of the editorial staff seems, on the surface, to be an easy one: select the "Wrestler of the Month." There was not, however, a clear-cut winner. Some will be surprised by the choice of this month's honoree, as was the selection committee. This is just a sampling of their comments.

"I would never have believed even a month ago that this man would be 'Wrestler of the Month.' I know, however, that the fans will understand why we've come to this decision.—Craig Peters, Associate Editor



"We must remember that we do not decide the winner based on the entirety of his career, but on a recent achievement. He was always the 'bad boy,' but for no apparent reason. Maybe this change is what he needs to realize his full potential.—Bill Apter, Senior Editor

"I have to give a thumbs down on this one. I just don't trust the change in this man. It all happened too fast.—Stu Saks, Managing Editor

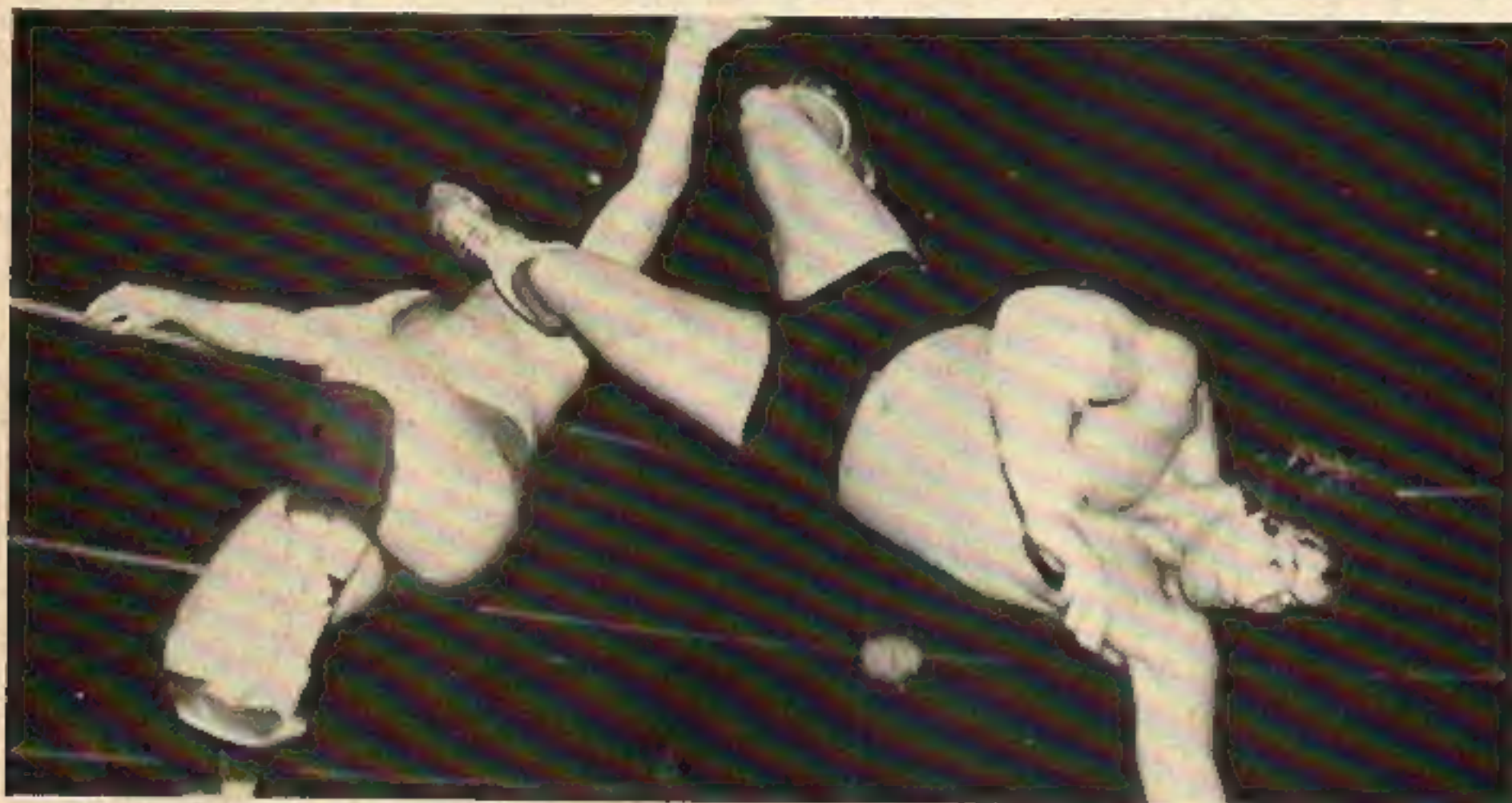
Indeed, the metamorphosis Gino Hernandez has undergone is quite drastic. Millions watched the change on the USA Network as Hernandez and tag team partner Tully Blanchard battled Don Carson's Masked Grapplers for the Southwest tag team championship.

The battle between the two rule-breaking teams was unusual from the start. Challengers Blanchard and Hernandez could hardly have been used to wrestling with the cheers of the crowd behind them. Their style did not change. They used every dirty tactic in their vast arsenal to gain a distinct advantage in the bout. Yet the fans cheered them on.

In the heat of the action, Blanchard tagged up with his partner, and then stayed in the ring to hold one of his masked opponents open for a Hernandez right hand. The Grappler, however, managed to slip Tully's grasp at the last moment, and Gino's right hand landed directly on Tully's chin.

Shortly after, Hernandez shoved one of the Grapplers into the ropes in preparation for a rolling reverse cradle and accidentally knocked Blanchard off the ring apron and onto the arena floor. Hernandez completed the move successfully to win the title, as his partner struggled to get to his feet outside the ring.

Hernandez stood in the ring acknowledging the cheers of the audience when Tully entered the ring and was handed his title belt. His first official function as champion, however, would not be a pretty one.



After the unscheduled early encounter, Hernandez and Blanchard signed contracts to wrestle against each other that night. Though on his back on the ring apron, Hernandez rips at Blanchard's face (top). Gino knocks Tully off his feet with a flying dropkick (above).

Gino seemed to be lost in the excitement, wading in an ocean of fan adulation. He was not in a frame of mind to expect the unexpected. The second Tully Blanchard was handed the belt, he charged his partner and beat him over the head with it. Gino fell to the canvas, and Tully (who was later joined by The Grapplers) administered an incredible beating. Gino, however, got to his feet and fought back, clearing the ring of his foes to the crowd's delight.

"I was stunned, but not really

physically damaged," Gino said moments after the confrontation. "I was just so surprised that he did it. I kept thinking, 'Isn't this what we wanted? Isn't he happy?' I guess he wasn't."

"I don't know what to think now. I think he was just humiliated, especially after he got knocked off the ring, but it was all an accident. There was no reason, though, for him to attack me. I thought I knew him. He's gonna pay, and pay dearly."

The promoters, taking advantage

of the emotional situation, immediately presented Blanchard and Hernandez with contracts, and the new Southwest tag team champions were matched against each other *later that evening!*

Their encounter was a horrific, bloody test of stamina and will. It was a match with no victor, but it did show that Gino Hernandez has begun to become what the wrestling community hoped he would. Thus, his selection as "Wrestler of the Month." Hopefully, Stu Saks' fears will not materialize. □

SPORTS REVIEW

INTERVIEW

RICK MARTEL

Rick Martel is a young wrestler with an extremely bright future. His skills have already helped him capture many major regional titles, and his boyish good looks have helped him capture the admiration of wrestling fans everywhere.

The tag team of Rick Martel and Tony Garea sizzled its way through WWF wrestling rings two years ago, gaining two WWF tag team title reigns in the process. Martel decided, however, that he wanted to compete in singles matches.

When Bob Backlund and the WWF repeatedly failed to grant him a title shot, the popular Martel had to look elsewhere for competition. He found it in the AWA.

Quickly ascending the ratings, Martel soon found himself in line for several title shots against AWA champion Nick Bockwinkel. Martel came close several times, but failed to achieve his long coveted goal of winning a major heavyweight championship.

Managing Editor Stu Saks spoke with Martel recently in St. Paul, Minnesota.

"I've known Rick for some time now," Saks said, "and he is that rarest of wrestling personalities. He's candid, honest, and a genuine pleasure to speak with. His concern for his fans and for the future of his career are both very real. It's always refreshing to interview him."



Q: Now that you've been in the AWA for over a year, what do you think of the competition there as opposed to the WWF?

A: Well, it's hard to say, because the atmosphere is quite different. It's like comparing apples and oranges, really. Hulk Hogan is in the area, and he's spent a little time in the WWF. Ken Patera is here, and so is Jesse Ventura. So there is some

crossover in competition. Overall, I would have to say that the level of competition is roughly the same: It's tough in both areas.

Q: But you ascended the ratings in the AWA very quickly, as opposed to being stalled in the WWF at number 10 or below. If I recall correctly, you entered the AWA rankings at number seven.



Martel came to the AWA to get the opportunity to wrestle heavyweight champion Nick Bockwinkel. Because he is a scientific wrestler, Rick could not get a shot at Bob Backlund's WWF title.

A: You know, that's one of the dangers of ratings, and the fans can see that fact and interpret it in different ways.

Q: What do you mean?

A: Well, my mail seems to be split evenly between two views of my quick ascent in the AWA. Some fans think that I shot to the top of the ratings because the competition in the AWA is a lot easier than it is in the

WWF. That's something I'm not too sure about, but perhaps it's an element to be considered. I don't know. But other people think that the WWF hindered my progress, particularly by the fact that I was unable to gain a title shot against Bob Backlund.

Q: Did that bother you much?

A: Yes it did. I know that if I were in Bob's position, particu-

larly after holding the belt for five years and more, I would defend the title against rule-breaking *and* scientific contenders. A champion has to do that in order to bring legitimacy to his title.

Q: You're not saying that Backlund's title is illegitimate, are you?

A: Of course not. Bob is a friend of mine, and I respect the fact



that he has been able to defend the title for so long. I don't want to take anything away from him. There are very, very few men in wrestling history that have achieved what Bob has achieved. I just want to believe that I would treat the championship a little differently, that's all. Any man who becomes champion will necessarily bring his own unique point of view to his title reign. Then again, I've never been in that position, so maybe my point of view will change when I become champion.

Q. You just said *when* you become champion, not *if* you become

In the AWA, confrontations between fan favorites is a common sight. Martel stuns Greg Gagne with a cross-bodyblock.

champion. That's quite a positive attitude.

A. If you don't have a positive attitude, you'll never get anywhere. A wrestler can have all the muscles of a Tony Atlas and all the experience of a Harley Race, but if he's got a defeatist attitude, he's going to lose every time. It's been said so many times before, and it's almost become a cliché, but it's absolutely true: Wrestling is every bit as much a mental sport

as it is a physical sport.

Q: Do you think it was your mental outlook that cost you several matches against Nick Bockwinkel?

A: Good question. Now that I think about it, I would have to say that in part it did. Of course, the interference of Bobby Heenan didn't help matters much (laughs). But I know I can defeat Bockwinkel. I've pinned him in non-title competition, and I know I can do it in a title match if given a fair chance. In addition to the mental and the physical aspects of the sport, however, there is also an element of luck, and in



Tony Garea and Rick Martel have their hands raised in victory by Gilberto Roman after a successful WWF tag team title defense in 1981 at Madison Square Garden. Rick has not ruled out the possibility of a future reunion with Tony.

Heenan's case, an element of underhandedness. That's the one element in this sport you've got no control over, unless you want to sink down to their level and fight fire with fire, but I hope I never sink that low.

Q: Are you looking for a rematch against Bockwinkel soon?

A: Of course. I have come so close to achieving my goal, to capturing the AWA title, that I don't want to give it up now. It's important to me, I know I can achieve it, and I expect to do so before 1983 comes to a close.

Q: What about tag team competition?

A: Well, there are some superb wrestlers here in the AWA that I might like to experiment with as far as wrestling in tag team combination. I've had some success teaming with Brad Rheingans. I also wouldn't mind teaming up with either

Greg Gagne or Jim Brunzell, but they're both very busy right now defending the AWA tag team belts. I'd like to wrestle in a few six-man tag matches with them if they could find the time, but I don't think their schedules would allow it.

Q: Do you think you'll ever team up with Tony Garea again?

A: I won't say no, because I think that someday we might talk about teaming up again. Every day I get letters from fans who would like to see us reunite. But I know that Tony is working pretty hard with Eddie Gilbert as a partner, and they've been doing well from what I hear. And, of course, I'm doing my thing here in the AWA. Right now Tony and I are on separate paths, but I wouldn't be surprised if those paths happened to meet again someday. In this sport, you just never know. □

Coming Soon
WRESTLING
'83

More
Than A
Wrestling
Magazine

Dick "Capt. Redneck" Murdoch "SOMEBODY'S"

THE SHOULDER OFF of Interstate 196 outside of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was unpaved. It was covered with coarse gravel, good for traction, but not so great for the back.

Damn," a voice under the pickup truck exclaimed, the body it belonged to squirming out from underneath. "Damn that hurts."

Dick Murdoch rose to his feet. There was an oil stain almost dead center on his gray sweatshirt. "I'm gonna have little pockmarks all over my back from those damn pebbles." He managed to solve his car problems temporarily with a wire coat hanger he found under the front seat of his truck.

This wasn't Dick Murdoch, professional wrestler, speaking. This was Dick Murdoch, a guy whose tailpipe was dragging behind him since the turnoff for Saugatuck State Park. But it was still Dick Murdoch.

If American ingenuity was a commodity that could be weighed, packaged, and put on store shelves, Dick Murdoch would be its national spokesperson. He epitomizes America, not necessarily at its best, but certainly not at its worst. Just America, plain and simple, Murdoch might say.

Plain and simple is the attitude that has won Murdoch the support of fans all over the country. He does not possess the crowd-pleasing style of a Mil Mascaras, the good looks of a Rick Martel, or a major championship belt, yet the man they affectionately call "Capt. Redneck" has vaulted into



Fights For America: GOTTA DO IT!!

There are as many motivating forces in professional wrestling as there are wrestlers. Some may find direction in the search for success, the hunt for the almighty dollar, or the quest for immortality. Dick Murdoch's motivation comes from a different place



Dick "Capt. Redneck" Murdoch deeply resents some of the remarks Hussein "Iron Sheik" Arab has made about the United States. Murdoch plans to teach the Sheik the meaning of respect inside the ring. Arab pushes Murdoch out of a headlock (opposite left), but Capt. Redneck will rebound with a thud. Murdoch twists the Sheik's arm (above).

the ranks of wrestling's most beloved individuals.

"Yeah, Capt. Redneck. I don't even remember when they started calling me that," Murdoch said. "Some people thought it was an insult at first, and maybe it was, but it's turned around, you know?

I think of it this way: I represent the kind of guy who lives, say, about five miles from the nearest store, who travels 20 miles in a pickup truck like this one on a lonely highway to work in an oil refinery or a mill or whatever.

"All of them guys get lumped



into the redneck category. And that word, redneck, doesn't mean what it used to. Now it means anyone who has a blue-collar job. So I don't take it as an insult. Most Americans work in blue-collar jobs. Mechanics, factory workers, short-order cooks . . . all of 'em. They're the ones calling me Capt. Redneck. I'm kind of their leader."

What does disturb Murdoch are the opinions of his critics. Murdoch was especially irritated by the words of Associate Editor Dan Shocket, who made some rather harsh remarks about him in the July 1983 issue of *Inside Wrestling*.

"First of all," he began, "this Shocket fella doesn't know what the hell he's talking about. Hell, I didn't understand half of those words he used. 'Martyrdom'? 'Ludicrous'? He even used the words 'perverse' and 'patriotism' in the same sentence. That's sick. He's talkin' about my U. S. of A. here.



"I've never met the man, but I could guess he's probably the kind of guy who wears expensive suits into work and lights his cigars with those snappy Zippo lighters that don't blow out in the wind.

"He's just not the kind of guy who would understand a fella they call Capt. Redneck. I don't blame him for not understanding, I blame him for not trying to. If he

knew me, he'd know that I'm not what he calls a redneck. I have no prejudices based on the color of your skin, or where you come from, or what church you go to, or not go to.

"What I don't like is anyone who's gonna talk bad about my country. Hell, I served in the U.S. Marine Corps. I defended this country against foreign invasion, not because I had to, but because

Murdoch appears to be testing to see if the Iron Sheik is running a fever; he must be sick to say the things he does about the U.S. (opposite top). Capt. Redneck knows of the vast skills of the Sheik (opposite bottom and below), but he knows the effort to defeat him is a worthy one.

I wanted to. And, in a way, I'm still defending the country, only in the wrestling ring. Somebody's gotta do it!"

Murdoch is particularly upset with the Iron Sheik and Ivan Koloff, whom he has chased all over the country attempting to "straighten them out on their views on the quality of life in America."

"If they don't like it here," Murdoch explained, "let them go back to their countries. That Iron Sheik is always saying that Americans are weak. First off, if we're so weak, why is he always the one running out of the ring. Also, he approves of his country taking Americans as hostages. What is this man doing in America? Why isn't he in that country he loves so much? Koloff is always yapping off on us American capitalists, but I never see him turning down a check after a wrestling match."

Driving down the Interstate, Murdoch looked through the windshield at a panorama of the Midwest American countryside. "You know," he said, "this country isn't perfect. But that doesn't mean I don't love it.

"Like here in Michigan. Hell, there's a lot of sad situations here. The car manufacturers aren't making cars and a lot of people are out of jobs. They have to do without. That's not what I call perfect.

"But I'll tell ya, it's kind of like Mom and Pop treated me after I did something wrong. They would scream and yell at me till they turned the color of the twilight sky. But later on, Mom came upstairs to my room and said, 'Dickie, we might be mad at you, but your Pop and I still love you.' I was still their son, just like this is my country. It's not perfect, but it's the best one I know of."

And Murdoch has two fists and a heart to make sure it stays that way. □

EXCLUSIVE

WHY BLACKJACK MULLIGAN AND BARRY WINDHAM REUNITED



For many long months, Blackjack Mulligan and his son, Barry Windham, have faced each other from opposing pages of the rulebook. Barry disapproved of his father's rulebreaking, and the two became very bitter toward each other. Mulligan and Windham put the past behind them recently as Tampa, Florida became the scene of a heartwarming reunion.

THE MEDIUM OF television has incredible power over public opinion. Because of this power, advertisers are more than willing to pay \$400,000 and up for 30 seconds worth of time during the Super Bowl.

When Angelo Mosca, Kevin Sullivan, and Jake Roberts brutally attacked Barry Windham on a nationally televised broadcast of wrestling from Florida, they could not possibly have suspected the power their actions would have on a single individual who was not even present at the scene of the attack.

When Mosca interfered in a

match between Windham and Frank Dusek for the Southern title, causing Windham to lose the championship, he could not have imagined how it would affect one man sitting at home watching the incident on television.

That man is Blackjack Mulligan.

This is the story of how television brought father and son back together again after a year of bitter hatred.

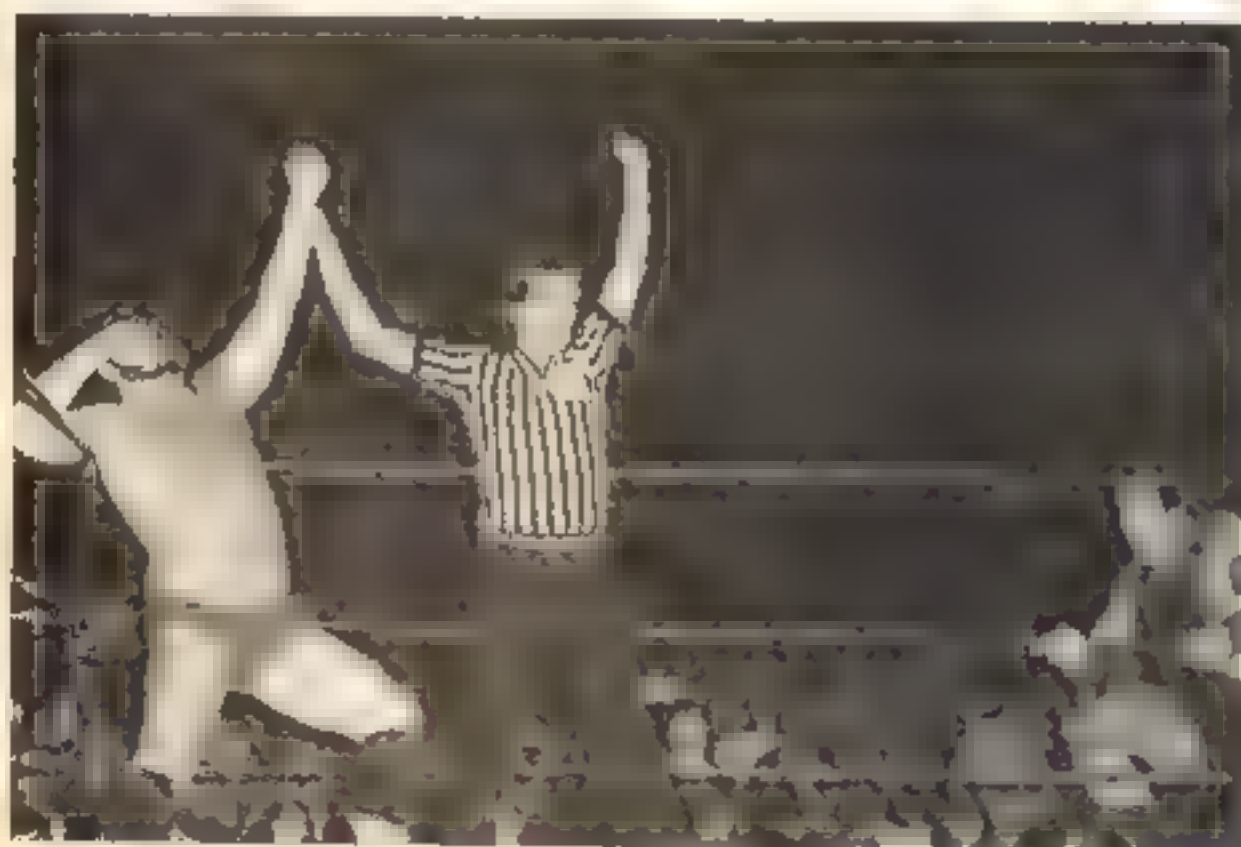
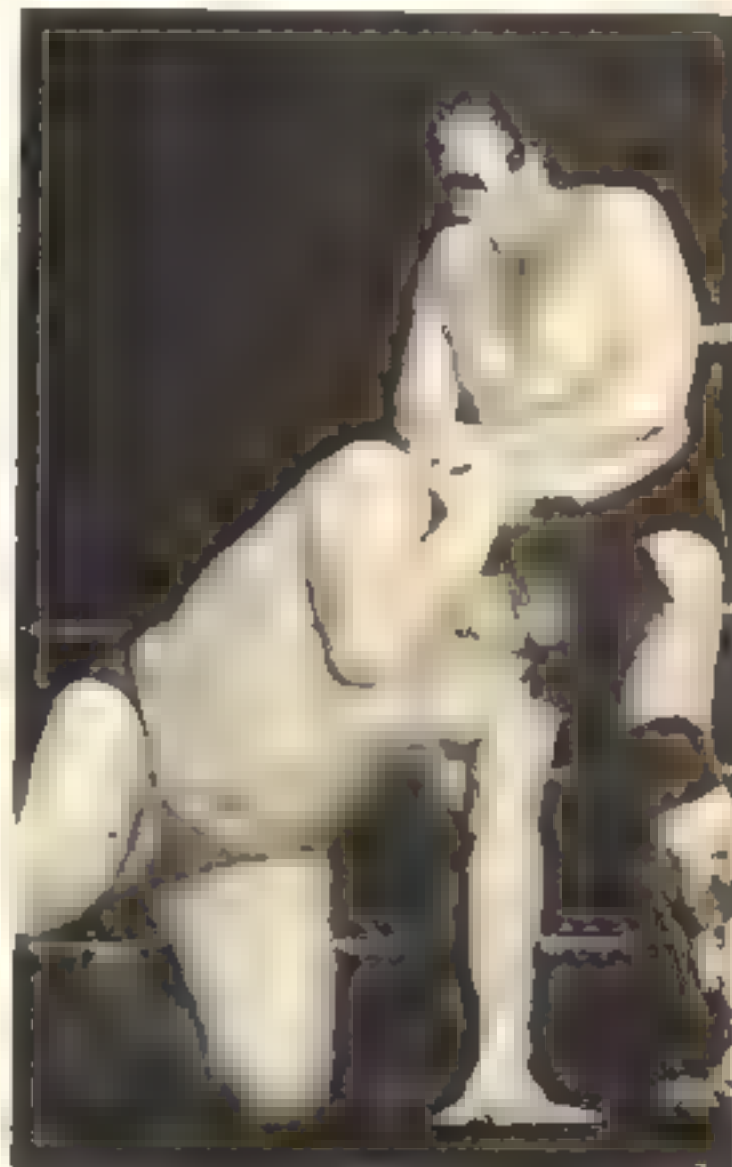
...

A year ago, a chain of events was set into motion that caused what many wrestling fans believed would bring about an irreparable split between Blackjack Mulligan

and his son, then known as Blackjack Mulligan Jr.

The first domino in the history of their split fell when Mulligan became embroiled in a horrendous feud with Andre the Giant. Mulligan Jr. did not like how his father was becoming so singleminded in his attempts to defeat Andre, and said so in front of the wrestling community.

A story published in the May 1982 issue of our sister publica-



Frank Dusek stands by helplessly as he watches Barry Windham fire a right hand (above left). Dusek won the Southern title from Barry, but he needed the help of Angelo Mosca to do so (left). The differences in philosophy between father and son first surfaced when Blackjack Mulligan engaged in a feud with the popular Andre the Giant (above right).

tion *Pro Wrestling Illustrated* explained Mulligan Jr.'s feelings about the feud. Entitled "Blackjack Mulligan Jr.: 'I Trust No One, Not Even My Father!'" it was the first salvo in the war of father against son.

As Mulligan's feud with Andre intensified, so did his son's dis-

(Continued on page 54)

WILL BRAD ARMSTRONG BE DESTROYED BY HIS FATHER'S RULEBREAKING?

BRAD ARMSTRONG IS not used to living out of a suitcase. He's been appearing in Georgia area wrestling rings for more than a year, convenient to his Marietta, Georgia, home. On this morning, however, he scurries around a hotel room in Miami Beach, packing hurriedly as he realizes his plane to St. Louis will be leaving in less than an hour.

"I just hope I can get a cab," he says as he reaches blindly into the closet. As he pulls his jacket off its hanger, the rest of the hangers fall to the floor. He stops, lets go of his suitcase and jacket, and drops to his knees to clean up the mess.

"This is getting ridiculous," he says. "Heck, if I'm late, I'll catch the next flight. It's not worth rushing. I didn't even eat breakfast."

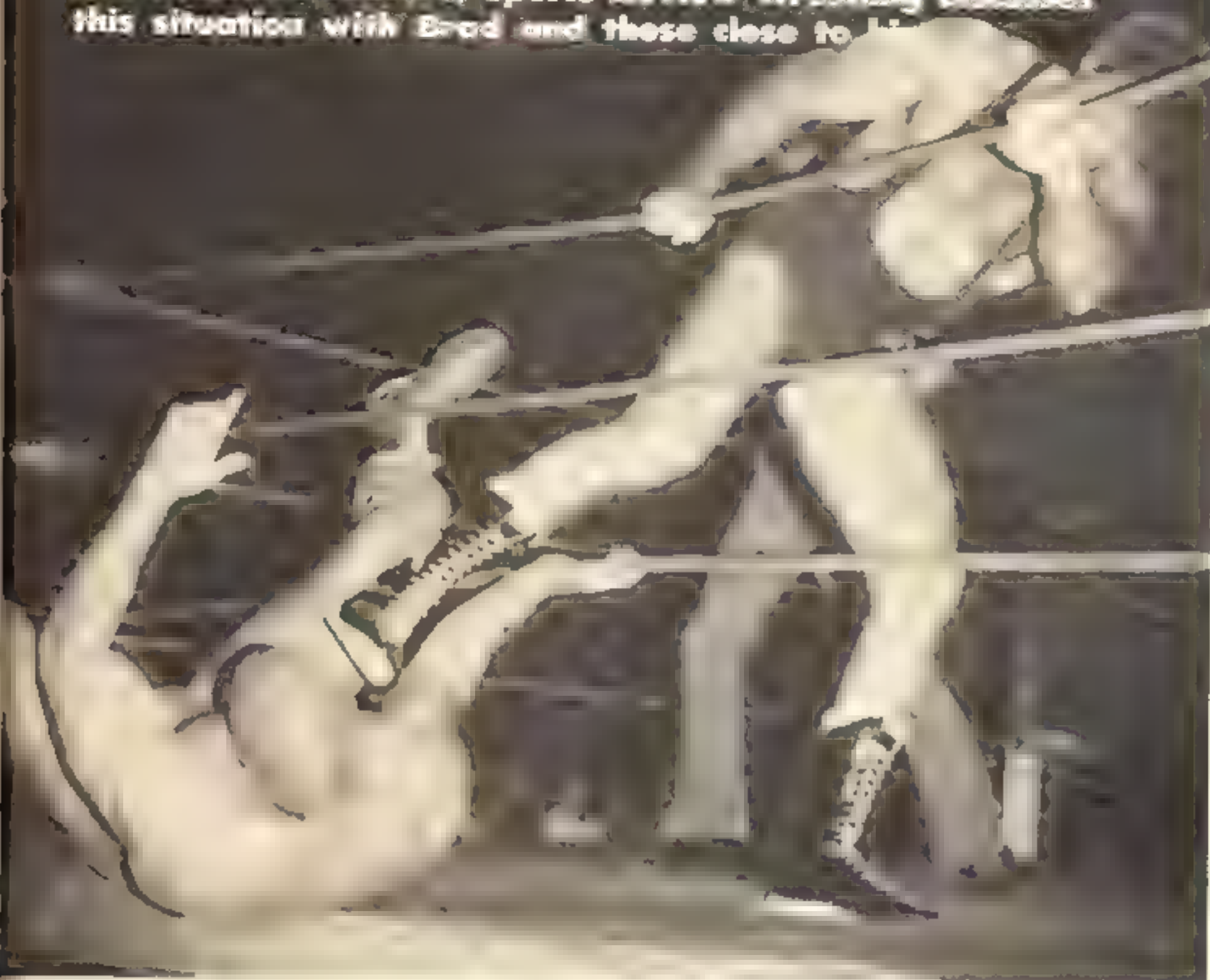
That's all it takes. Armstrong leaves his jacket and bag in the room and walks out the door, heading to the hotel coffee shop for something to eat.

"I'm not used to being out on the road," he said as he lightened his second cup of coffee. "It was so easy in Georgia. I was home. I



Photos by Scott Romer & Buddy Myers

How does a son look into his father's eyes and say, "I'm disappointed in you"? The Armstrongs, father Bob and son Brad, have gone their separate ways, due to a distinct change in Bob's attitudes and wrestling style. In this exclusive feature, *Sports Review Wrestling* discusses this situation with Brad and those close to him.



Bob Armstrong kicks through the ropes at Mr. Olympia (above). Since his father has adopted this brutally aggressive style, Brad Armstrong has had trouble concentrating on his own matches. Brad is nearly out cold, even before absorbing a Cowboy Bob Orton elbowsmash (opposite page).

think living at home and driving to the arenas was a lot easier. It probably helped my wrestling, too."

The traveling was obviously taking its toll on Brad Armstrong, but it was common knowledge that 1982's Rookie of the Year had a lot more on his mind.

It was discomforting for him to

discuss his father. As he spoke, he shifted around in his seat, played with the silverware on the table, and rearranged the dirty plates in front of him over and over again.

"When I started wrestling, he said to me, 'You're in this by yourself. I'm not gonna abandon you or anything, but you're gonna have to make your own breaks.' So, for the most part, we've tried to keep our wrestling lives separate," Armstrong said, clearing his throat. "And, as I don't ask for his approval, he doesn't ask for mine."

"I understand what got him to

this point. He was the Southeastern champion. He deserved a shot at Flair. And they gave Ron Flier the match instead. He always told me that the most important thing was to do your best. He did it. He was the champ, and they still overlooked him. It wasn't fair. So maybe he snapped. Hey, he's my Dad, but he's also a human being, you know?

"What I can't understand is what he's doing now. He's bitter. Sure, I can understand that, but he should be bitter at the NWA. He's

(Continued on page 56)

Jimmy Valiant's Strange Odyssey: **HOW HE BECAME THE SPORT'S MOST POPULAR WRESTLER**



POPULARITY IS A curious commodity when you're dealing with public opinion.

In popular music, for example, a song that remains on the top of the charts for only a week can be considered the most popular song in the nation.

In television, popularity and fame are as fleeting as the white dot that shrinks into nothingness when you turn your television set off.

In wrestling, popularity is more of a constant commodity. By the very nature of their chosen profession, wrestlers are constantly in the public eye, perhaps more than any movie or television star in the world. The wrestler is out in front of thousands of people virtually every night, placing his reputation and perhaps his very career on the line every time he steps into the ring.

Jimmy Valiant has spent many long hard months in the Mid-Atlantic area working to gain the fans' respect. But since his arrival there, Valiant has had to contend with more than the problem of winning over the fans; he's had to battle Sir Oliver Humperdink at every turn.

To understand the complete depth of the hatred between Valiant and Humperdink we must go back in time nearly a year and a half.

At that time, Humperdink was managing The Russian Bear, Ivan



Valiant was granted the privilege of wrestling Sir Oliver Humperdink (left) after defeating One Man Gang in a Chain Match (below).



Jimmy Valiant has been wrestling professionally for over 10 years. At various times during the decade, he has been either the target of the fans' hatred or the object of their love. Presently, he is recognized as wrestling's most popular star, a status for which he has sacrificed so much to ever willingly let slip away from him

Koloff. Everywhere Jimmy Valiant turned, Koloff was there grinning, his chain wrapped around his neck. Every wrestling ring Valiant stepped into had Ivan Koloff in the opposite corner . . . and Humperdink on the sidelines shouting encouragement to the Russian master of mayhem.

But Jimmy persevered, struggled, battled with determination and honor. He came close to defeat at the hands of Koloff and Humperdink, but continued to use every

ounce of his strength and will to frustrate the insidious duo.

Then, a major achievement: Valiant succeeded in running Koloff out of the Mid-Atlantic. The occasion served to provide a rallying point for the Mid-Atlantic fans. They had found a savior in Jimmy Valiant; finally, a man who was capable of cleaning the area of the vicious rulebreakers that had been infesting the Mid-Atlantic for so long.

But Humperdink was not one to

sit still for defeat. With Koloff gone, Humperdink marshalled his next weapon: Jos LeDuc. Again, just as Koloff had done, LeDuc kept after Valiant in match after bloody match.

The feud was beginning to take its toll. LeDuc was relatively fresh, but Valiant, having expended so much energy in repelling Koloff, was weary. And in that state he now had to contend with LeDuc's insane sadism and cruelty. It was not a job to be taken lightly.



The battle erupts again in the dressing room, as Valiant pushes Humperdink's still bloody head into a wall (above). Valiant and Bugsy McGraw tear a House of Humperdink membership card (right).



Once again, however, the fans rallied behind Valiant. They provided him with support in every match he wrestled. They cheered his victories and provided much-needed sympathy when he suffered temporary setbacks.

But those setbacks were, most important, temporary.

Valiant rebounded in the war against Humperdink and sent LeDuc into the hospital with an injury, a severe wound to the back of the neck that required several stitches to close.

With both Koloff and LeDuc gone, Humperdink was left defenseless . . . and Valiant was more popular than ever.

Meanwhile, as LeDuc was recuperating in the hospital, developments were occurring that would cause a split between him and Humperdink. Several of Humperdink's checks to LeDuc had bounced, which meant the much-needed money to pay for hospital expenses was simply not there.

LeDuc became enraged, and vowed to get revenge against Humperdink as soon as he recovered.

Back in action, LeDuc sought out the friendship of Valiant, who accepted the gesture and aided him in his quest for revenge against "The Rooster."

By that time, Bugsy McGraw

had entered the area. A friend of Valiant's from their days together in the streets of New York City, McGraw would prove to be another valuable weapon in the war against Sir Oliver.

With Koloff gone for good and



Valiant, playing to the public that has deemed him the sport's most popular star, pounds away at a semiconscious Humperdink.

LeDuc seeking his own brand of revenge, Humperdink was left with only one weapon: One Man Gang. A challenge was made to every wrestler in the area offering \$5,000 to the man who could bodyslam the huge wrestler.

Valiant was not interested in bodyslamming One Man Gang, however. He battled One Man Gang in a grueling Chain Match in Roanoke, Virginia, with the stipulation that should Jimmy achieve victory, he would get five minutes in the ring alone with Humperdink.

Victory belonged to "The Boogie Woogie Man," and it wasn't long before he was carving Humperdink's head into a bloody pulp. The fans loved every gory second of it, cheering and screaming in delight. Finally, after enduring the pompous idiocies of Humperdink for so long, along comes Jimmy Valiant, the man who did to Humperdink what every fan would have liked to do themselves.

It was a long and difficult road to travel, but Valiant came through his journey with not only a major victory over Humperdink to show for it, but a new position in the eyes of wrestling fans everywhere.

Most popular wrestler in the world. It's the kind of credit that, as far as "The Boogie Woogie Man" is concerned, was long overdue.

NO OTHER STATE in the Union can boast so many wrestlers and so many feuds as Texas, The Lone Star State.

From Dallas to San Antonio to Houston and all points in between, wrestlers are jockeying for position in the world ratings and in the eyes of the Texas wrestling fans. Four recent feuds in particular have been stirring fan debate and packing

The Freebirds vs. The Von Erchs: This bitter rivalry has taken on epic proportions throughout Texas. Whether it be in six-man tag team matches, conventional tag team matches, or one-on-one matches, you can be sure that a Freebird will be at the other side of the ring when a Von Erch is scheduled to wrestle.

The Great Yatsu vs. Kabuki: This is a feud that operates on two levels. Not only do Kabuki and Yatsu vie for supremacy over each other with regard to martial arts abilities, but their respective managers have been working out their hatred for each other through the wrestlers themselves. Arman Hussein hopes to use Yatsu to score a moral victory over General Skundor Akbar, who handles Kabuki.

Kamala vs. Junkyard Dog: Kamala has been tearing through wrestling rings in Texas where Junkyard Dog's popularity is unmatched. Kamala, along with manager General Skundor Akbar and handler Friday, hopes to break apart that special bond between JYD and his fans, and perhaps even break a few bones in the process.

Tully Blanchard vs. Gino Hernandez: Unfortunate incidents in a tag team title match between Blanchard and Hernandez and The Masked Grapplers caused these two stars to turn against each other. Unfortunately for both Tully and Gino, those incidents took place

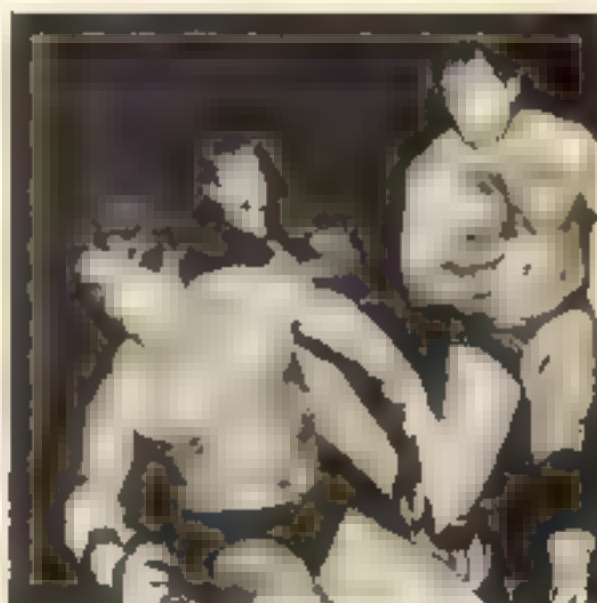
TEXAS RASSLIN' THE LONE STAR FEUDS



THE FREEBIRDS VS. THE VON ERCHS



JUNKYARD DOG VS. KAMALA



HERNANDEZ VS. BLANCHARD

during a match in which they defeated The Grapplers for the Southwest tag team belts. As a result, they had to forfeit the championship, a fact that has served to fuel the fires of hatred that much more.

It's madness and mayhem in Texas these days, and we hope that the photographic highlights of these four feuds on the pages that follow will give you some idea of the excitement and thrills that are professional rasslin' . . . Texas style!



KABUKI VS. YATSU

THE FREEBIRDS VS. THE VON ERICHS



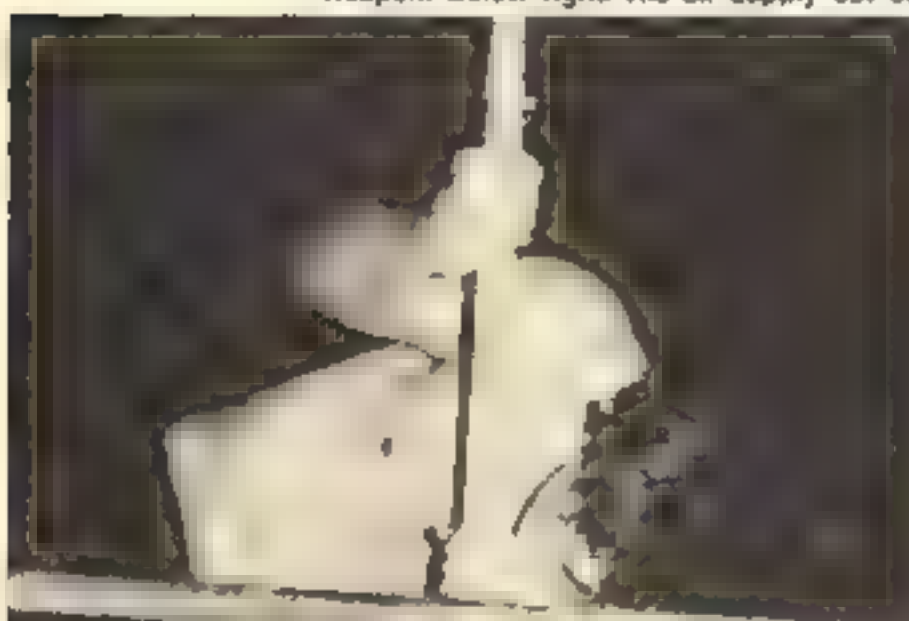
Above left: David Von Erich throws a backhand chop at the throat of Terry Gordy. Above right: David grabs Gordy by his curly locks and slams his head to the canvas. Below left: Kevin Von Erich gracefully sweeps Buddy Roberts off his feet. Below right: Roberts finds out why Kevin's dropkick is considered one of the best.



THE GREAT YATSU VS. KABUKI



Above left: Kabuki threatens Yatsu with his ranchikus. Above right: Yatsu threatens Kabuki with his kendo stick. Below left: Yatsu jabs Kabuki in the throat with his deadly weapon. Below right: His air supply cut off, Kabuki vainly struggles to free himself



KAMALA VS. JUNKYARD DOG



Above: Kamala, led into the ring by manager Skandor Akbar, is an imposing sight. Right: Junkyard Dog will not be intimidated.



Left: Kamala uses his enormous strength to painfully squeeze Dog's shoulder muscles. Above: The Ugandan drives his heel into JYD's chin.

TULLY BLANCHARD VS. GINO HERNANDEZ



Left: While being backdropped, Blanchard tries to break his fall by grabbing Hernandez's waist. Above: Gino, now one of Texas' most popular wrestlers, pounds the top of Blanchard's head.



What should have been one of the greatest days in both wrestlers' careers turned into disaster. A series of accidents during their title match with Southwest tag team champions The Grapplers turned the two men against each other. Winning the title became secondary to their newborn hatred, and a match pitting the new champions against each other was signed for the same night. Above: Hernandez ushers Blanchard to his seat at ring-side. Left: Gino, his face dripping with blood, drives Tully's head into the ringpost.

THE APARTMENT WRESTLING

ORGY OF VIOLENCE



IT WAS SUPPOSED to be a pleasant but ordinary evening. The spectators sipped their drinks and discussed the stock market, the future of the novel and other sundry topics. In about an hour, they would see an apartment wrestling match between beautiful if unexciting women.

Both women had been participants in the spectacle for about two years. Neither had ever achieved greatness. The men and women preparing to watch the battle assumed they knew what to expect. The warriors would give it

Right: Muriel bends Dale over her thigh, causing the brunette to grit her teeth in pain. Below: The blonde straddles her foe and tries to twist Dale's leg to the breaking point. Dale tries to break the hold by twisting Muriel's foot, but it wasn't until the brunette sunk her teeth into the blonde's leg that Muriel released the hold.



their all, which was good enough for an evening's entertainment. This, the crowd was sure, wouldn't be a lifelong memory.

In their respective rooms, the two women sensed the crowd's indifference. They had sensed it so many times before. Each had suffered defeats at the hands of women who went on to greatness. They long ago mired themselves in the category of worthy opposition. Both women would have stopped wrestling long ago if they didn't need even the small amount of admiration given to them. Being the center of attention was a drug that neither could do without.

So they sat in their rooms, knowing no one expected anything from them. Standing before her mirror, Muriel critically exam-

Two women, never before known for greatness, rise to an occasion that both delights and terrifies them. Their orgy of violence, an explosion of horrible fascination, makes this one of the most astounding matches in the history of female combat. It is shocking on the most primitive level!



Above: Fighting in close, Muriel clamps a headlock on Dale while the brunette tries to counter. Right: Her face a mask of hatred, Dale bends Muriel's legs while taunting her. Below: Muriel is workmanlike as she yanks Dale's head to the side while searching for a painful pressure point.



ined her reflection. Most women would have been pleased at what they saw. Muriel only saw a beautiful shell that constantly betrayed her. Her curly blonde hair cascaded down to her shoulders, shoulders remarkably feminine for the power they commanded. Her lithe body promised speed and

strength while her bright eyes radiated cunning. Only the softness of her face bespoke her years of disappointment; apartment wrestling was only one of many areas where sorrow and failure had been her reward.

In a room no more than a dozen feet away, Dale lay on a bed and stared at the ceiling. She wondered how many matches ago she stopped counting; how many matches ago did she stop dreaming of victory. Last year, she stopped telling herself she was still young, that there was plenty of time to achieve greatness. Now she knew better. She was one of those women other women battered on their way to the top. That knowledge never hurt any less because it was known for a long time.

For most of her life, Dale had been a golden girl, one of those special people that fate adored. Then she came to New York, a city filled with golden girls from all over the world. She got lost in the crowd. She had hoped apartment wrestling would catapult her to the

glory she assumed was her due. It didn't work out that way.

For the first few matches, her innocent beauty made people forget her mediocre skills. But apartment wrestling overflows with beautiful women; it takes more to become something special in this arena. After a while, although Dale's beauty always made her welcome, people stopped expecting something special. Dale was the last to know. When she realized what everyone else knew, something inside her died. That makes some people mean. It just made Dale self-pitying.

She too expected little of this match. It was another night, another chance for something wonderful to happen. Another night to disappoint herself.

So she lay on the bed and examined her life. This was to be the last match, the last time she would try to be someone extraordinary. There was an accountant named Elliott willing to marry her. He'd been offered a good job in Springfield, Vermont, and he

(Continued on page 46)

APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from page 44)



Dale screams in pain as Muriel expertly puts her knees into the small of the brunette's back. Notice the look of grim determination on the blonde beauty's face.



Dale sits atop Muriel's back and thrusts her fingers into the blonde's windpipe while pulling her hair. At this point, neither girl had gained the advantage.

wanted her to join him. There weren't many chances to be outstanding in Springfield. Even if she were a big fish in a little pond, she would still long to be a big fish in an ocean. She wondered what people did on Tuesday night in Springfield, Vermont.

So Dale waited calmly for the match to begin. She had nothing to lose and nothing to win. It would be another night of failure. Elliott would never know that his bride had once been an apartment wrestler. It wasn't that she was ashamed of the spectacle, just her failure in it. Elliott wouldn't care. Somehow, that knowledge made her sadder.

Muriel was as nervous as Dale was calm. She knew she didn't have much of an opponent in Dale; there was a chance to really dominate. Maybe this time, because there was little competition, she could shine. Muriel often had

these high hopes minutes before a match. Her gift was her ability to forget the previous disappointments—until the match was over and her failures hurt that much more. Muriel paced in her room, forcing herself to believe in her abilities.

To do this, she ran over her fantasy match in her mind. By now, it was almost a ritual. Over and over again, she felt a powerful opponent collapse in her grasp. Her arms bulged with tension as she crushed her foe in an awesome bearhug. She could look up and see the terror and agony in her victim's eyes. Then the woman, unable to stand the torture any longer, would beg to be released. Flushed with her foe's surrender, Muriel would accept the cheers of the spectators. They would be in awe of her prowess. They would shyly come near, wanting to bask in the re-

flection of her glory. Muriel reran this fantasy over and over in her mind. No matter how many times she conjured up the images, she never tired of them.

Dale's mind, too, was filled with images, but these were from the all-too-real past. Even if this was a chronicle of failure, they were exciting failures. She would have no excitement married to Elliott. It became strange to think of her apartment wrestling career as something she should someday reflect upon with longing. If only there was one success, one great and noble victory to her credit, Springfield wouldn't seem like exile. For her past dozen matches, she had stopped hoping for victory. Tonight, something inside her started to tingle. What she thought had died long ago now seemed forcefully alive. Just maybe she could bring this last

(Continued on page 58)

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TATTLED

(Continued from page 10)

winkel, begged the board of governors to postpone Bockwinkel's title defense against the powerful Hulk Hogan. The crafty manager said that his champion needed additional training before entering the ring with Hogan.

The board granted Bockwinkel three extra weeks to train before the bout. In the meantime, Heenan has offered a reward of \$10,000 for anyone who can injure Hogan extensively enough to put him in the hospital.

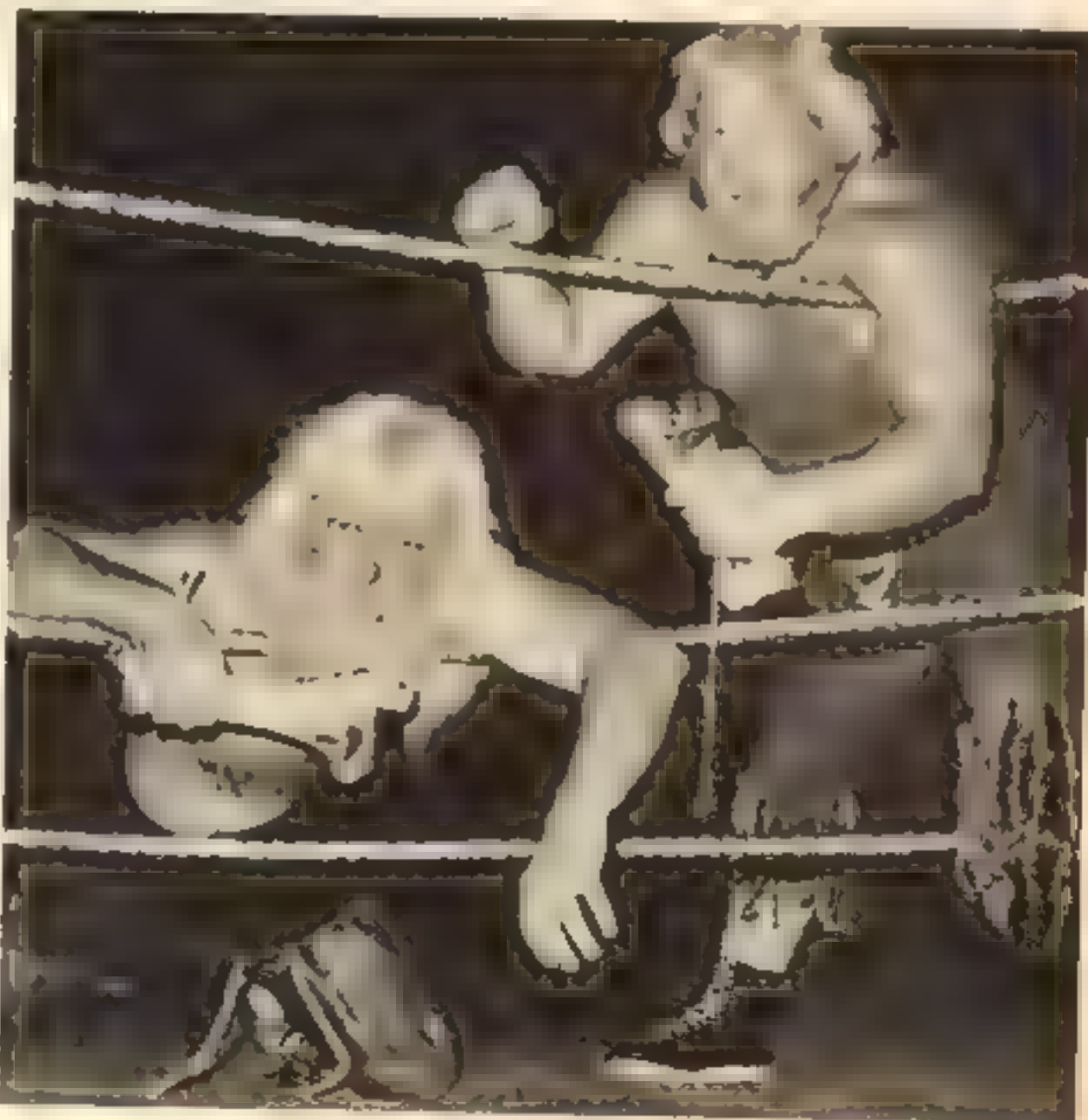
Is Heenan scared? "You have to ask?" Hogan responded. "He's throwing 10 grand up in the air for the first rabid dog to catch between his teeth. I'm not worried, though. I'll finish off the bounty hunters as a warm up to finishing Bockwinkel's title reign."

—Charles F. Amberson

MEMPHIS, TN — Tag team action is more intense than ever in this region. Locked in a battle for supremacy are two teams: The Fabulous Ones, Steve Keirn and Stanley Lane, and The Moondogs, Rex and Spot (who this month reenter the *Sports Review Wrestling* ratings). The tandems have chased each other through the South and Midwest, neither being able to win decisively. Keirn and Lane, whose quick, scientific style has delighted fans, know that a win over The Moondogs would vault them into national prominence.

"It might take a while," Keirn said, "but we get closer every time we wrestle them. It won't be long before you see our arms raised in victory."

Another tag team rivalry in the area pits Rick Morton and new



THE MOONDOGS

'Ken and I spent a long time together before we won the Southwest title," Morton said. "Even after we won the title, we were learning things about each others' styles. It takes a long time to achieve the kind of telepathy that makes a great tag team."

ST. LOUIS — Missouri State Schampion Kerry Von Erich will be wrestling the Super Destroyer, but he won't be putting the title on the line. Von Erich said he will only put the belt up if Super D takes off his mask.



"I won't give a masked wrestler a shot at the title," he said. "I will not corrupt the dignity of the Missouri championship, for which I worked hard and fought. If he wants a shot at the belt, let him take off the mask and let the world know who he is."

—Buddy Ford ☐

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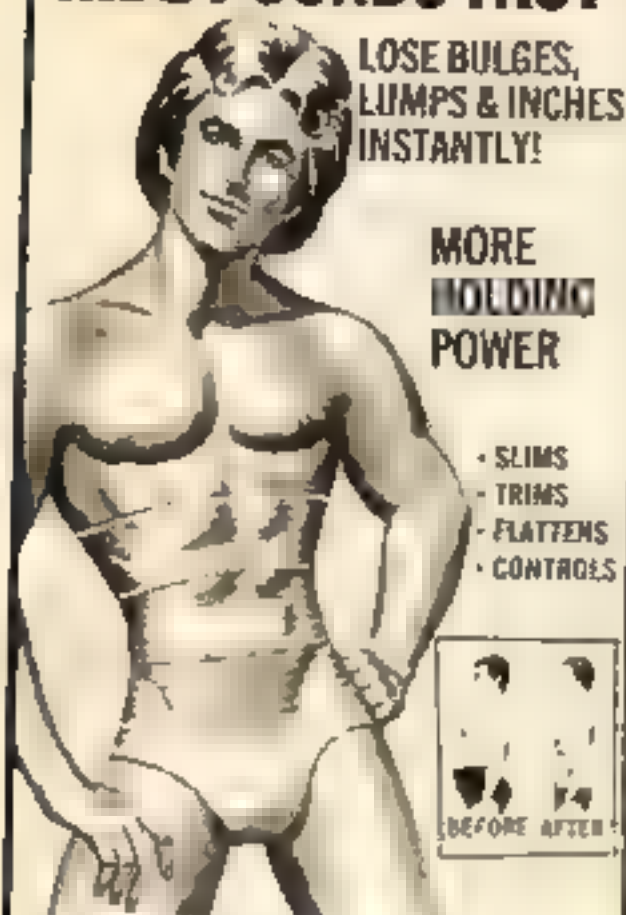
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WE ACCUSE

(Continued from page 18)

Unlike past matches, Slaughter and Kernodle would not retain their belts.

No, that night in Greensboro, North Carolina would make wrestling history. The NWA would have a new pair of tag team champions.

The Greensboro Coliseum filled to its capacity. Sixteen thousand fans turned out to witness the Cage Match, and another 16,000 were turned away at the gates.

We do, however, accuse the NWA officials of gross irresponsibility in sanctioning a Steel Cage Match for the World tag team title.

We believe that title matches should be pure competition. They should be honest, fair, one-on-one encounters of muscle against muscle. Skill should be the determining factor in a title match, not how deep a wound you can inflict on your opponent by slamming his head into steel mesh.



Steamboat throws a cross-bodyblock at a charging Kernodle. Such classy maneuvers, not the brutality inherent in Cage Matches, should decide championship matches.

Those that were lucky enough to be inside the arena were witness to one of the bloodiest title matches in recent history. All four participants sustained head wounds, and Kernodle's wound was particularly severe. He needed 25 stitches to close a gaping slash on his forehead.

We are not going to debate the worthiness of Steamboat and Youngblood as tag team champions. That is a discussion for another time.

For the NWA to sanction such a title match is tantamount to the NWA sanctioning the use of an enormous foreign object: the steel cage itself.

While we agree that Steel Cage Matches may be useful in putting an end to certain types of feuds that have careened out of control, we do not feel they are proper in a title match situation.

We hope that the NWA will show more wisdom in the future. □

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WINDHAM & MULLIGAN

(Continued from page 31)

gust. Mulligan Jr. himself wrote the story, "Blackjack Mulligan Jr.'s Tragic Story: 'I Have No Father . . . I Have No Friends!'" printed in the June 1982 issue of *Inside Wrestling*. In this story, Mulligan Jr. wrote: "My father has abandoned me . . . his loyalties now lie elsewhere, and he must follow his own path from now on."

Two months later, in the August 1982 issue of *The Wrestler*, Mulligan Jr. was quoted as saying, "As long as my father remains in this [rulebreaking] frame of mind, I



Mulligan was furious over a story published in August 1982 *The Wrestler* in which he was condemned by his son.

hope we stay in separate arenas."

Shortly thereafter, Blackjack Mulligan Jr. abandoned the Mulligan name and adopted the name of Barry Windham. Bitter arguments between father and son ensued, many of them played out in the pages of wrestling magazines worldwide.

It appeared as if Blackjack Mulligan and Barry Windham would remain separated forever.

Barry Windham was appearing on a telecast of *Global Wrestling* from Florida. Suddenly, without warning or provocation, Angelo Mosca, Kevin Sullivan, and Jake Roberts attacked Windham with a metal chair

Windham was out of action for three weeks with a concussion, spending one of those weeks in the hospital for observation.

"When that chair hit him on the head, I felt a sting deep within myself," Blackjack Mulligan told *Sports Review Wrestling*. "It was a very emotional experience. I began to think about the events of the past year and how we had split apart from each other. We had different point of view, but we are still father and son."

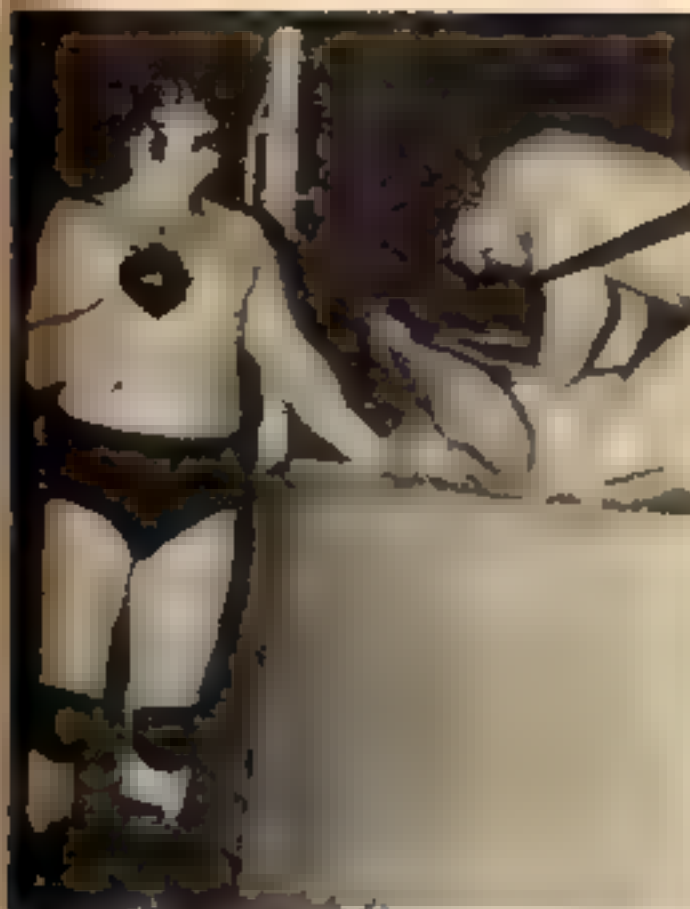
About a month later, Windham was defending the Southern title against Frank Dusek. As a direct result of Angelo Mosca's interference, Windham lost the match and the belt.

"I was disgusted by the sight of two men ganging up on my son," Mulligan said. "They were hurting him, stealing his title, taking food out of his mouth. I was so angry, I nearly kicked the tube right out of the television set. It was terrible. I knew then and there that our differences were pointless, and how much we meant to each other."

"After all," Mulligan continued, "we're both adults. I think we're mature enough to forget our differences, put them aside in favor of family considerations."

When Dusty Rhodes contacted Blackjack Mulligan about joining him in Florida, Mulligan accepted immediately. "I wanted to wrestle again with my old friend Dusty," Mulligan said, "but more important than that, I saw this as a chance to get back together with Barry."

Father and son were reunited in Tampa, Florida, and have been wrestling in six-man tag team competition with the American Dream himself. Not surprisingly, one of their opponents was the team of Mosca, Sullivan, and Dusek.



Windham was displeased with his father for interfering in his match with Doug Vines in 1981 (above). Father and son are again together, as they were two years ago (below).



Had it not been for the power of television, the far-reaching transient signal that beams sporting events around the world, Black Jack Mulligan might never have witnessed the senseless attacks on his son. He might never have accepted Dusty's offer to join him in Florida, and he might never have been able to set aside the bitterness that existed between him and his son for well over a year. A year that both men admit was the longest of their lives. ☐

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BRAD ARMSTRONG

(Continued from page 33)

beating up on his opponents instead. Everything he taught me about sportsmanship, scientific wrestling—he's thrown all of that away."

Armstrong sat upnright and put the fork he was playing with down on the table. "Do you know what its like for me? He's my idol. Do you know what it's like for fans to come up to me and say, 'Brad, what is wrong with your father?' It's like finding out that Superman smokes cigarettes on the sneak. Worse than that. You can't imagine how upsetting it is to see your own

wrestle Cowboy Bob Orton, a man with whom Kerry has had a lot of experience.



Brad instinctively lashes out with his flat at the attacking Orton (left). Brad grabs the Cowboy in an ambar (above), but his advantage is only temporary. The referee takes a close examination of Orton's side chinlock (below).



father break every tenet he taught you to believe in. Sure, we keep our wrestling lives separate, but this is even more than that. If he's breaking these rules, how many more will he throw in the garbage?"

Terry Allen, who has been competing with the younger Armstrong in tag team matches, has noticed that Brad's personal problems have affected his ring performance. "It seeps into every facet of his game," Allen said. "He can't concentrate on his training. When we get together to discuss strategy, he's in another world. And in the ring... well, it's like he doesn't even want to be there."

In St. Louis, Missouri champion Kerry Von Erch watched Armstrong



"I talked to him before the match," Von Erich said. "I just wrestled Orton and I thought I could help him. He seemed to listen to what I was saying. He nodded his head 'yes' every once in a while, anyway. But when he got into the ring, he did nothing. I told him to watch for Orton isolating on his head and neck. He likes to wear the neck down. I guess I was talking to the wall. I hear he's been having some problems. You can't bring your problems into the ring with you, though."

Evidently Bob Armstrong's actions are affecting his son's performance in the ring. Bob's new attitude and rulebreaking style seem to be destroying his son's career and emotional health. Does the fault lie with the son, who is letting his hurt get the best of him, or with the father, who taught his son to play fair, but who has turned around and defied his own words?

Either way, perhaps Bob Armstrong should be aware what his actions have done to his son.

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from page 46)



Muriel uses a fine headscissors while also maintaining a toehold. But Dale will break the hold in seconds—as soon as her jaws close on the blonde's calf.

one off, go out in a blaze of glory. Hell, life owed her this one victory. She was so excited that she failed to realize a lesson she learned long ago: Life doesn't owe anything to anybody.

So unknown to each other and the jaded spectators, each woman was determined that this would be her best match ever. Yet, when the two women walked into the huge living room, the spectators involuntarily fell silent. There was something special about the way the women moved, how their feet seemed to glide over the carpet. Both were already breathing heavily, tension making them tight. As they were being introduced, they stared into each other's eyes. Both saw something they instantly understood. They nodded, recognizing bloodlust and ambition. Neither would be surprised by the other's fury. Even the spectators sensed something different, as if the rules had suddenly been changed.

If the women hadn't been so intense, they might have enjoyed

the respectful silence of the crowd. Instead, all the warriors could comprehend was the upcoming battle. Their bodies were flushed, almost as if the excitement made them feverish. Then, with the sound of a word, the battle was on.

From the first, it was astonishing. The women charged at each other, the smack of flesh against flesh resounding throughout the room. Their arms and legs entangled, the two battlers violently danced across the room. They wrenched and twisted with mindless intensity, as if rage itself could lead to conquest. There was no style or intelligence in this first minute. Suddenly, the women spun free of each other. They stood perhaps seven feet apart, faces alight with bloodlust. They silently dared each other to be equal to the battle. Slowly, cautiously, they circled each other. Fingers contracted into fists and then opened into claws. Both women unconsciously bared their

(Continued on page 62)

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from page 58)



teeth, disfiguring their faces' beauty. Then Dale sprang, her body rushing toward her foe.

Muriel stood her ground. As soon as Dale was within reach, Muriel smashed her forearm to the side of Dale's head. It sent the brunette reeling, but not far enough for Muriel's safety. Dale's shoulder slammed into Muriel's thigh, sending the blonde toppling to the carpet. Both women got up slowly.

Again, they were cautious. They approached slowly, but now they moved toward each other. Bloodlust was drawing them together, adding incredible tension to each step. They met, their arms encircled each other and almost instantly the coupled Amazons fell to the carpet.

Their bodies writhed and heaved as if they were being mutually consumed by some parasitic beast. The only sound in the room was their grunts and moans, and intensity coupled with pain contorted their exclamations. Hands and legs tore and dug at bodies willfully ignoring their agonies. Though the action was close

and subtle, everyone in the room could understand its ferocity. Some were horrified. Some considered stopping this terrifying display of wrestling savagery. All were fascinated.

Suddenly, the chaotic tangle of limbs took shape. Muriel's arms and legs were wrapped like boa constrictors around Dale's body and torso. Much like in her fantasy, Muriel felt the power of her opponent drain away. Dale's body begged her to surrender, but the brunette's will refused to give in to its pleading. Instead, with incredible strength, Dale whipped her body into a convulsive shake that broke her foe's grip. Muriel's legs and arms broke their holds and the blonde fell backward. Dale rolled perhaps five feet away, her body only now admitting its full torment.

Muriel never took a breath before continuing her assault. She rushed at her fallen foe and mercilessly twisted Dale's leg. Standing above her, Muriel yanked and bent that limb in a direction nature never intended. Dale's body contorted to try to lessen the pain,

but all she did was rub her body across the carpet, causing carpet burns. Muriel realized this and began dragging her hapless foe across the room. Dale's face became a mask of determination as she refused to cry in pain.



Above: Muriel uses perfect leverage to add to the anguish of her standing toehold. Notice how Muriel is trying to minimize the effect of the hold by pushing on the brunette's thigh. Opposite page: Dale is tripped up and tumbles to the carpet, and Muriel, quick as a cat, is on top of her.

Suddenly, it was a startled Muriel who screamed. Dale's teeth were digging into her calf, sending shockwaves of pain through the blonde's leg. Startled as much as anything else, Muriel released her grasp. She was further startled to feel Dale's freed heel smack hard into her belly. Muriel's eyes went glassy as she gasped for breath. As Muriel's head fell forward, Dale grabbed the blonde's hair and sent her crashing headfirst to the carpet. Instantly, Dale was on her fallen foe's back, her hands grabbing Muriel's hair and left arm.

Now Dale took her chance for
(Continued on page 64)

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APARTMENT WRESTLING

(Continued from page 63)

revenge. Dale tugged at Muriel's hair, dangerously bending the blonde's back. Suddenly, Dale leaped up and drove her knee into the small of Muriel's back. The thud echoed sickeningly throughout the room. Like a dancer awed with her own precision, Dale leaped again and again, driving her knee into her victim's back. Again and again, tattooing the entire area with crippling blows, Dale kept up the assault. Again, people considered stopping the bout. Perhaps Muriel sensed this, and for the first time in her life refused to accept it. Some extra courage that she never used before must have come into play. Somehow, despite the wracking pain, she managed

to twist free while Dale was airborne. The tormentor found herself crashing into the carpet, hitting it full force. Dale's knee took the full brunt of the blow. For the rest of the match, she had to hobble.

Still she refused to quit. Even when Muriel's arm snaked around her head, Dale couldn't consider surrender. Muriel's eyes grew small with concentration as she squeezed her foe's skull. Some spectators believed Muriel dug her knuckles into Dale's eyes as she squeezed, simulating a particularly horrible medieval torture. Others couldn't see for sure. Dale refused to cry out in complaint or for any other reason. She suffered this agony until she could get a

The end is near for Dale as the exhausted brunette is too tired to escape from Muriel's leg grapevine. Neither girl had ever wrestled as well as she did during this match—probably the last apartment battle either girl will ever have.



chance at revenge.

Desperately, Dale's fingers found the soft flesh of Muriel's belly. Like claws, they dug hard and deep. Muriel tried to ignore this pain, knowing Dale must soon lose all strength. Yet Dale continued unabatedly, secure in her own determination not to fail. It was a test of wills.

It seemed like forever until something happened. Muriel's hands slid around Dale's head and the fingers of her right hand raked across her face. The brunette released her hold and spun away. Miraculously, there were no cuts on Dale's face. Tears streaking down her face were the only disfigurement to her beauty.

The two women stood across from each other. They took maybe 10 seconds to marshal their strength. Then they rushed toward each other, grabbing and kicking with cold intensity. This lasted for no more than 30 seconds. When it was over, Dale lay semiconscious on the carpet. Muriel lay exhausted on top of her, too tired to enjoy her victory.

Suddenly, the room shook with spectators' applause. They stood cheering, paying tribute to two of the bravest women any had ever seen. After assuming this would be a mediocre contest, they had witnessed one of the most violent, brilliant contests in apartment wrestling history.

Three days later, Dale and Elliott went to city hall for a marriage license. Three weeks to the day, they would be headed to Springfield, ready to spend the next years of their lives in rural quiet. Dale went happily. For one night in her life, she was something special. She didn't need anymore.

Muriel also retired from apartment wrestling, although many suspect she'll return. Her reason for dropping out: "I'm never going to wrestle any better. I want people to remember me for my last night, my great moment." □



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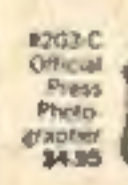
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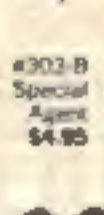
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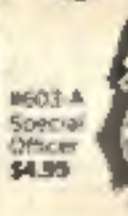
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